

## The Evening World

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## OF GRAVEST IMPORT.

IF THE commander of the German submarine that sunk the Arabic left the fate of those on board—including twenty-five Americans—to the mercy of Providence; if he gave no warning, as the captain of the Arabic asserts, then the torpedoing of the Arabic was an act as indefensible, as wanton, as murderous as the sinking of the Lusitania.

No actual loss of life, any more than the relative prominence of those who perished, could establish a difference in the nature of such acts themselves. Both, in their intent, were equally inhuman, equally lawless and equally contemptuous of the rights of American citizens in jeopardizing their safety on the seas.

So grave is the significance of what may prove to be the actual character of this latest revelation of German naval policy that this nation needs to exercise the strongest self-control while it awaits the full and final facts.

The Arabic was on her westward voyage. She carried, therefore, no munitions of war—the plea which Germany overworked in the case of the Lusitania. There was every reason to believe, as was the fact, that the Arabic had on board citizens of this neutral nation.

It is now four weeks since the President of the United States, pressing "very solemnly upon the Imperial German Government the necessity of a scrupulous observance of neutral rights," declared in terms of equally solemn purport:

Repetition by the commanders of German naval vessels of acts in contravention of those rights must be regarded by the Government of the United States, when they affect American citizens, as deliberately unfriendly.

If, then, it proves, as now seems but too well vouched for, that a German torpedo was launched at the Arabic without warning, there can be but one conclusion:

Germany flouts American claims. Germany defies American demands.

Under such conditions the sorely tried patience of this nation must reach the breaking point. Newly disclosed activities of Germany's representatives in this country have become only less objectionable in our eyes than the acts of her Government and her war captains abroad.

She has chosen to forfeit our friendship and esteem. We see that if our citizens are to be protected it must be in other ways than by appeals to her humanity or to her regard for law as observed by civilized peoples.

She urges upon us the moment when we can treat with her no more.

## GALVESTON SAVED.

THE big tropical hurricane which on Monday and Tuesday sent the waters of the Gulf of Mexico climbing the low-lying shores, while not the worst of its kind, was bad enough. Reports indicate that 400 persons may have lost their lives and damage to property is expected to reach \$30,000,000.

As in the more terrible storm of 1900, when 8,000 perished, Galveston felt the full force of the hundred-mile gale. But the \$5,000,000 granite sea wall built after the earlier catastrophe seems to have stood the test and saved a big part of the city. Three hundred feet of the million dollar causeway which links Galveston with the mainland was carried away and hundreds of houses were destroyed. The Galvestonians, however, are undaunted and point to the fact that their main bulwarks kept out the enemy.

The Mayor believes outside aid will not be needed, and as the waters go down Galveston's citizens send greetings to the world "buoyantly cheerful because of the demonstrated impregnability of their protective works."

The country has not forgotten the blow dealt Galveston fifteen years ago, nor the courage and determination with which the city rallied from it. Along with cordial offers of help if needed, the Gulf port has the congratulations of the nation upon the wisdom and thoroughness with which she built her defenses.

## A SECOND CAMP AT PLATTSBURG?

ONE of the best features of this camp," writes Police Commissioner Woods at Plattsburg to The Evening World, "is that it keeps the men thinking as to the needs of the country for defense."

It has done better still. It has set thousands of citizens at home thinking that a few weeks or even months of training in elementary soldiering might be as good for their own bodies and minds as for the possible needs of the nation. It has given busy, peace-loving Americans a new idea of "the military life" as it can be led for brief periods to stiffen the fibre of the nation's manhood without arousing the warlike instincts and impulses which pacifists profess to dread.

As Commissioner Woods says: "Long working hours, simple food, obedience to orders, insistence on promptness and precision—this is what they would get (in military instruction camps) and they would all be better men for it, in whatever walk of life they belong."

The best proof that business and professional men are coming to believe that a share of this sort of training squares perfectly with American ideals of useful, peaceable living, is in the growing demand for another camp at Plattsburg in September. Nobody can say that a mere "good time" is the attraction. Reports from the camp have had plenty to say of hard work but nothing at all of revels.

When every able-bodied citizen looks upon a few weeks in a military camp from time to time as a part of self-improvement as well as duty, the problem of national defense will present few difficulties.

A new movie house announces \$3 seats. And baseball bleachers bare at 10 cents!

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Most people get all they earn, but few think so.—*Deseret News.*

"Safety first" signs, some way or other, do not seem ever to be read by those who interfere in a family quarrel.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Auto who hesitates is hit by the auto.—*Deseret News.*

It costs more to quench a full grown thirst than it does to feed an entire family.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

## Poaching!

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"THIS hot weather is just killing me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr complacently. "And me with no girl! I used to think I'd be glad if Gertrude would leave, but now I see she was a help after all."

"Well, don't worry about it," said Mr. Jarr comfortingly. "It isn't our fault Gertrude left. It was your mother calling here and picking a fight with the girl. I have to put up with your mother because I am only your husband. But according to the Declaration of Independence every American serving maid is born free and independent!"

"Please don't say anything about my mother!" whimpered Mrs. Jarr. "Gertrude had no right to be impudent to her. Of course, she could be impudent to me, because I was only the mistress of the house. Then, too, she heard you speaking to me the way you do, whenever you feel like it, no matter who is present. But with all Gertrude's faults I wish she were here now."

"Oh, don't worry! Gertrude will come back," said Mr. Jarr soothingly. "Indeed, she will not! I wouldn't take her back if she were to beg me on her knees. Besides," here Mrs. Jarr sighed, "they never do come back."

"Like statesmen, bankrupt stock brokers and pugilists," said Mr. Jarr. "We ought to close the flat and take the children and go to some nice place in the country," said Mrs. Jarr with a sigh. "This would be a good time to go, because we haven't any girl."

"That's it!" cried Mr. Jarr eagerly. "We can pack up and skip!"

"How can I get things ready in a jiffy?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "How can I get anything ready when I am working myself to death without a servant girl, and have no time to go shopping to buy anything for myself or the children?"

"Well, don't worry about that," said Mr. Jarr. "You are worried and tired and need a rest. Just pack up anything and let's get out of town. I'll ask the boss to let me have my vacation."

"Ask him where I can get a good girl," said Mrs. Jarr. "That's what I want—a good girl. Maybe he knows of one."

Mr. Jarr changed the subject. "Johnson, the cashier, was telling of some friends of his who have taken a furnished bungalow for the summer in a bungalow colony in a pretty place not far from town," said Mr. Jarr. "Johnson said the bungalow

## Mr. Jarr Is Now About to Fare Forth

In Quest of a Household Treasure

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ple live there all the year around and we might like it and stay and enjoy the flowers!"

"Flowers?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Yes, we could raise our own daisies and pansies and roses."

"Never mind the daisies and pansies and roses; Gertrude is the family flower I am interested in," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Put on your hat and go to her married sister's and see if she will come back. But be sure to impress her that you are doing it as a personal favor and that I don't wish her back."

"But don't you?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"What's the matter?" he inquired in surprise as his wife expostulated. "Matter?" replied Mrs. Fidgets. "Matter enough and to spare, I should think! You've got everything so mixed up I don't know what I've packed and what I haven't!"

"You told me to bring all my clothes out of the closet and I brought them," said Mr. Fidgets indignantly. "I thought all the time that it was a fool way to pack, but I was too courteous to say so. Now, if you'll stop fussing for five minutes and let me use a little horse sense about it we will get everything packed in a jiffy."

"What will you do?" inquired Mrs. Fidgets, curiously getting the better of her temper. "A commercial traveller once told me," said her husband, "that to pack a trunk in a hurry without forgetting anything, all you have to do is to begin at the feet and work up."

"Whose feet?" asked Mrs. Fidgets. "A trunk hasn't any feet."

"Your own feet," said Mr. Fidgets. "I mean your feet. The idea is this: First, you think of the needs of the feet as shoes, socks, etc. Then you start upward slightly over the other, collars and neckties. Add night gear and a cake of soap. Determine the particular articles of each sort you want to take and how many. Get them all together and check them up to see that nothing has been omitted. In that way it's impossible to forget anything."

"In the bottom of the trunk," he continued, still anxious to impart information, "you place all the heaviest things or those last to be needed. Fold each garment flat and press it down well. Lay the coats flat on their backs, straighten out the fronts and bring the sleeves over the front of the coat a little from the elbows down and fold the coat once at the waist line if necessary. Pack bottles in shoes."

"That won't work," said Mrs. Fidgets. "A bottle of hair tonic just spoiled my white buckskin pumps last summer. But the idea of thinking from the feet up is not so bad."

"It's simply great," said Mr. Fidgets enthusiastically. "I'm going to patent it."

"Why, I thought you said it belonged to another man?"

"Oh, well," replied Mr. Fidgets diplomatically, "he probably borrowed it from somebody else."

## Why Your Clothes Are Not Becoming

By Andre Dupont

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A Dress for Summer Dances.

A WOMAN never looks so beautiful or so ugly as she does in evening dress. It all depends upon the woman and the style of frock she wears.

If you are proportioned just about as you should be for your height and your weight is all right almost any of the new models should suit you perfectly, always provided it is modest and in good taste. But if you are too thin or too stout, then you must select your costume very carefully if you want to look your best in the evening. Never was there such a wide variety of fashions to choose from as there is this summer. There are dancing frocks of taffeta, of satin, of chiffon, etc., but the prettiest of all are those of net. This diaphanous fabric is used in pink, pale blue, yellow, black, white, lavender, or in all these shades together in a combination called "rainbow."

A very lovely model is shown in the accompanying cut, with one of the new wide skirts measuring nearly six yards around the hem. In any other material such an amount of fulness would be ugly and cumbersome. But it is very pretty in an evening costume and especially attractive in white net over a pale blue silk slip, as pictured in the illustration. It is edged around the bottom with a very narrow piping of the taffeta. The bodice is cut with a modest square neck in the front and has folds of the net over the tops of the arms, a much prettier and more becoming style than some of the absolutely sleeveless, naked looking frocks that are often seen this summer. Fussy willow ribbon in shades of pink and yellow is used for the wide girde that drapes the waist. This brings a new color note into the frock that is most becoming.

Such an evening dress is well adapted to the average figure, but the girl who considers herself a little too fat should have a yard or two less fulness in the skirt and keep the draped girde the same color as the costume. This will give a more slender effect. On the other hand, the girl who is so thin that she is positively bony will find the full skirt very becoming as well as the high girde. But, unfortunately, she will also discover that the mere suggestion of a sleeve, so pretty on her plump sister, is in her case an unfortunate exposure of an emaciated arm. This can be obviated by a short sleeve of the net reaching to the elbow. If this sleeve is lined with thin white chiffon it will preserve the transparent effect, but it will make the arm look much fatter and also give it a dazzling white appearance.



## Editorials by Women

## "WILFUL-MISSING."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

THE latest of the girls-who-start-for-New-York-and-disappear has just bobbed up serenely in Boston, whither she went of her own free will, and under an assumed name, to taste the joy of life in moving picture theatres and a Y. W. C. A. boarding house. Thus, one more mad legend of white slave kidnapping has been marred in the making. One more myth of New York as the Port of Missing Girls has not to be swallowed whole by the hinterlands.

The case of this incautious but uncoerced young person would seem to show that when a girl bound for New York disappears, the girl, and not New York, may be responsible. It is a cheering hypothesis to those who are a bit weary of watching the white slave experts picture this city as a modern Minotaur, with jaws constantly crunching some fair and unsuspecting female.

Instead of the hysterical mush talked about missing girls, consider one piece of testimony which is often overlooked. It comes from the men with years of experience in that department of police activity which handles the cases of girls and women who are reported to have disappeared in New York. According to the investigators at Headquarters, the girl who can't be found simply doesn't want to be found. She is "wilful-missing" in the most literal sense of Kipling's phrase.

That probably is not a pleasant thought for parents. But it should be more pleasant, and it is certainly more plausible, than the boggy of a band of professional girl-stealers lying in wait in every New York street. The fact is, certain modern girls won't allow their brothers a monopoly of anything—not even of running away in search of adventures or a fortune. However—like her brother—the modern girl usually ends by running back home, even as little Miss Giddons did the other day.

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 41—WOLBERT WEBBER. By Washington Irving.

WOLBERT WEBBER was a Dutch farmer. He had a brick house, a trim garden and many acres of pasture and woodland on the Island of Manhattan just to the north of the fast growing little city of New York—the city his Dutch ancestors had called "New Amsterdam."

Wolbert made a fair living off his farm and he was reasonably happy—until the treasure hunting idea took hold of him.

New York, a century or so ago, was full of rumors of buried treasure. Capt. Kidd was supposed to have secreted his pirate board somewhere along the shore of Manhattan or of Coney Island. Old Petrus Stuyvesant, one-legged Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam, was said to have buried a fortune in gold pieces on his Bouwerie farm. Bradish and others were thought to have interred money boxes here and there on the island.

Wolbert Webber listened to such stories until he was convinced that some of this treasure was hidden under the earth on his own farm. And he began to dig. Day and night he dug; winter and summer. He dug deep in his fields and under his trees. He dug around the foundations of his house. Digging for treasure became the passion of Wolbert's life.

Meantime, he neglected to plant his crops, to cultivate his ground, to attend to his livestock. And, of course, he grew poorer and poorer. But what did he care? He was certain that one day or other his land would yield him a fortune, because he was more and more possessed by the idea that it held buried treasure. While he dug and dreamed the city of New York was growing with his digging speed. But the obsessed old Dutchman gave no heed to its miraculous growth.

In his few spare hours Wolbert haunted water-side taverns, where he listened with greedy ears to the loungers' tales of pirate gold. These stories made him all the more positive that he would some day win vast wealth.

At last one evening, when he was on a wild-goose chase for treasure, he fell, and hurt himself so badly that he was brought home in a suppositively dying condition. Convinced that his end was at hand the injured man sent for Rolobuck, the lawyer, to draw up his will.

"I give and bequeath," faintly dictated Wolbert, "my small farm—"

"What?" interrupted the lawyer, "all that great patch of land which the corporation is just going to run a main street through? I wish him joy that inherits it!"

"What do you mean?" asked Wolbert feebly.

"He'll be one of the richest men in the place," explained Rolobuck. "Why, when that great field and that huge meadow come to be laid out in streets and cut up into snug building lots—why, whoever owns it need not pull off his hat to the patron himself!"

"Say you so?" cried Wolbert, jumping out of bed.

"Why, then, I think I'll not make my will yet."

Wolbert Webber's long-sought treasure was found, and in his own land, too; though not in the form of a spring shower.

Within a few months a bustling big street ran through the middle of Wolbert's farm. Presently, a single lot was worth more than the whole estate had been. Money rolled into Wolbert's pockets too fast to be counted. He speedily found himself richer than if he had unearthed fifty treasure chests.

When people asked him about his rise to wealth he used to say gravely that it was all due to his own marvelous brain power.

## Cupid's Summer Correspondence

By Alma Woodward

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## Mother's Boy.

DEAR PSYCHE: In a week or two I'm going to steer Rosemarie up against the Real Man. Of course I've had him picked from the first—but he hasn't seen him yet. When I do bring him around people are going to say it's a case of "love at first sight." But what will really happen, is this:

In a special quiver of mother-of-pearl, hidden in a moss-covered cave under a sparkling waterfall, I have an arrow tipped with a fire opal. I am saving it for Rosemarie. At their meeting he will see her first. It won't take anything extraordinary in the arrow line to transfix him—a No. 1 will do, I think.

That's before I have her turn around. I'll string my bow and hold it poised so that a dazzling moonbeam shall light the radiant fires of the opal. Instantly I'll send it winging straight to the centre of her wilful little heart. When her eyes meet his then will my work be ended. Isn't it funny, Psyche, that mortals speak of love as though it just "happened"?

If only they knew what a slave I am to my profession!

Before I get too long-winded I'm going to tell you about the latest: Mother's Boy! Really, the finish of these various swains amuses me sufficiently to pay for my labor.

It was at a picnic—a real one. Now, you know what a struggle it is to have a good time at a picnic, and this one had gotten to the stage where people were fussing each other's appetites. But the gloom hadn't hit Mother's Boy. He resembled nothing so much as a peaceful country town for a spring shower.

Every time Rosemarie looked at him an angry little flush crept from her ears right to her eyes. He was a riot on the landscape. He was so different from the other boys I knew what was coming to him all right.

Balmy as a southern breeze he approached. Thinking to raise her drooping spirits he started in with a recital of his college record—saying that it was no credit to him to win the prize because it was no effort. He followed that up by telling that he had never given his mother a moment's worry and that as long as life was in him he never would. Then he flashed his trump card. He said that a rood son always makes a good husband, and proposed! Rosemarie threw him out as an inconsiderate and sprang to her feet. In perfect burlesque of a circus ballyhoo, she addressed the rest of the party. "Ladies and gentlemen!" she intoned, pointing to her prostrate victim. "I have the honor to present to you today a phenomenon! Behold! The condensed milk of human kindness!" In the clamor that followed Mother's Boy made his getaway. It was unkind—but what can you do with a Human Credentialed, anyway? Yours, CUPID.

P. S.—Next to the last is "The Mock-